

Near Hollyhead, ~~70~~ miles from }  
 Liverpool, Monday afternoon, June 15, 1840 - 5 o'clock.

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My beloved Helen:

~~Dear Helen, May 15, 1840.~~

// I again seize my pen to fill up another sheet for your perusal, which will be <sup>the</sup> last you may expect from me until after my arrival in ~~Liverpool~~ <sup>Losam</sup> - if, peradventure, we shall be permitted to reach <sup>Liverpool</sup> in safety. I say if - for, within an hour, our situation has been changed from one of apparent security to one of very great peril. For the last week, we have been favored so remarkably as to wind and weather, that I was led to ~~remark~~ <sup>say</sup> to Capt. Cropper to-day noon, that, if they had been placed under his control, he could not have fashioned them more to his mind. Since morning, up to the time at which I am now writing, our speed has been swift, to an extraordinary degree; and at this moment, aided by a strong current, it is very great. But a violent gale has suddenly set in, accompanied by a dense fog, and our path is momentarily becoming more and more perilous. We are close in the neighborhood of Hollyhead, a high rocky elevation, to pass which, safely, will require no little seamanship; <sup>as we are situated</sup> and it is evident that our captain (than whom no one can easily be found better qualified to meet such an emergency) regards it as a serious matter. The noisy uproar of our dinner-table has given place to a silent concern for the issue, and every countenance wears a grave aspect. Our danger lies not so much in the gale, as in the fog; for, with clear weather, every rock and shoal could be discerned, and avoided without much difficulty. It is peculiarly trying to be shrouded in a thick mist at the very moment when light and vision are most needed.

5 o'clock, <sup>P.M.</sup> Both the wind and fog are increasing, but we have passed Hollyhead in safety. We have escaped one danger, however, only to encounter others equally formidable; for the navigation up the channel is continually growing more intricate and difficult, <sup>all the way</sup> to Liverpool. Happily, we are expecting soon to obtain a pilot - and who is to be compared to "the pilot who weathers the storm"? Perhaps the fog will prevent our being seen. ~~the~~ One thing is certain: without a pilot, there will not be much quietude of mind among our passengers to-night. We have shortened sail, and retarded the speed of our ship, and are proceeding onward with all possible wariness.

7 o'clock. The gale continues, but now and then the fog clears up, so that we are enabled to ascertain our position. The Welsh mountains are on our right, and, with their robes of mist, look grim and spectre-like. All eyes are strained to discern a pilot-boat, and, to our great relief, one is seen bearing down upon us. A ship is just ahead of us, <sup>also</sup> waiting for a pilot. The boat is now along side of her, and has supplied her with one. Will she see our signal? - and, if so, can she also accommodate us in the same manner? Here she comes - and now she takes a wide circuit, passes us, and evidently is not prepared to give us any aid. A new and sad sensation is beginning to be felt. Our ship is now "laying to." I can now understand why it is that seamen dread to be embayed in a storm, and infinitely prefer to be on the ocean, in such an emergency, where they can find plenty of sea-room.

8 o'clock. Another pilot-boat comes dancing over the waves to the wild music of the gale, and is evidently intending to reach us. Now she makes a circuit around us, having a light skiff or wherry floating at her stern, with the pilot and two or three rowmen in it, ready to be cast off, that he may be put on board; now it is alongside - and now the man of all men, at this crisis, leaps on to the deck - and now we all breathe freely once more. It is astonishing <sup>to see</sup> how instantaneous has been the relief afforded by his presence. Once more we are under weigh, slowly and cautiously. All at once, too, we are in the midst of a great hubbub! The pilot has brought a copy of the Liverpool Chronicle of June 13, in which are detailed, at great length, the particulars of an attempt to assassinate Queen Victoria and her husband Prince Albert, by a youth only 17 years of age, named Edward Oxford. As these particulars will be spread before you in the Boston papers quite as soon as the contents of this sheet, <sup>will meet your eye,</sup> I will not attempt to make even a synopsis of them here. Suffice it to say, the mad attempt at murder proved abortive. As a large proportion of our passengers are Englishmen, the news created no little sensation in their breasts; but when, on reading the account aloud at their request, I came to the statement, that "the prisoner's father was a mulatto, and his grandfather was a black," they yelled like so many fiends broke <sup>loose</sup> from the bottom-

less pit - (remember! they have been to America, and have got the virus of slavery and prejudice infused into their veins!) - swore that Oxford "ought to be strung up, without judge or jury, and cut in pieces," in true Lynch law style - the whole "nigger race" made to suffer for so foul an act, ay, and all those who are disposed to act as their advocates! I have seldom seen so horrid an exhibition of fiendish exultation and murderous malignity. It was useless, of course, to attempt <sup>to argue</sup> the matter, especially as some of them were none the better for strong drink. Why it is any worse for a colored man or boy to perpetrate a crime than for a white one, I have never been able to understand. I ventured to remind one of the most violent, who was in favor of killing Oxford instantly, without any trial, that the law presumed every person to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty, and that it was possible, nay probable, that the lad was deranged; <sup>but</sup> he scouted it all, and declared that it was not possible that he could be insane. O no! Because he had some colored blood in his veins! For a colored person, who does wrong, to be insane at the time, is an impossibility! More was made of this affair, because bros. Grosvenor, Rogers and myself were known to be abolitionists, on our way to attend the World's Convention. Poor creatures! they know not what they do. Their hearts are full of the spirit of murder, while they are professing to be horror-struck in view of an attempt to commit murder! Well, let them rave, and let all the enemies of the colored race shriek in concert. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision;" - and, peradventure, they may yet find, that "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God" - the God of the oppressed - the God of justice! One of them said that he should not have cared if it had been an attempt to assassinate Daniel O'Connell! They all cordially detest O'Connell, because he is an "agitator" and an "abolitionist."

10 o'clock. The gale has abated, but, in consequence of the haze state of the atmosphere, our ship will lay to during the night. We expect to be in the dock by 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.

<sup>Just on</sup> midnight. The aspect of the sky is dark and wild, and the wind begins to rise in <sup>its</sup> strength; but, fatigued with writing, and by the events of the day, I seek my berth, in order to snatch a few hours of rest.

Tuesday morning, 11 o'clock. Safely arrived at Liverpool! Deo! I feel very grateful for all the mercies that have been vouchsafed to us on our passage. We are all now grouped together in the Custom House, waiting to have our trunks examined. I have just heard that all our anti-slavery friends, who preceded us, have arrived, and are now in London. We shall be there to-morrow afternoon, Deo volente. O for an opportunity to obtain rest - rest - rest!

W  
Mrs. Wm. Lloyd Garrison,

25, Cornhill,

Boston,

Mass.



[L.V. 4.7]

It is pleasant once more to tread upon the solid earth. For the second time in my life, I am "a foreigner" - and yet there is not a man upon the surface of the globe, whom I am not willing to recognize as "a man and a brother." Let all geographical distinctions between nations cease, so far as they serve to divide the human family into castes, and let love abound universally. ~~Wishing to be affectionately remembered to all inquiring friends, I remain, my love,~~  
Yours, devotedly,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.